A N

ANSWER

To a LATE

Ill-natur'd Libel,

ENTITULED,

A TRIP to *HOLLAND:*

BEING

A Real Deſcription of the Country; the Bravery, Wiſdom and Induſtry of its Inhabitants; and the ſeveral Vertues which have their Growth and Encouragement in the *SEVEN UNITED PROVINCES.*

By a *Dutch* Merchant.

LONDON,

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beſt of Princes? But Ingratitude is the chief ingredient of a Poet; and to Lampoon a Patron who has kept him from ſtarving, if he in the leaſt chanceth to ſlacken his Hand, is as common to him, as his wants are familiar, and I need not tell the Reader how often a Rhiming Fool is in Neceſſity: Tho' at the ſame time, what our Male-Contented Common-Wealth hates, has ſaid in relation to the Vices of the Hollanders, *gives us an opportunity of inſpecting their Vertues; and ſince he acts the part of ſo faithleſs an Hiſtorian, as partially to paſs by their Excellencies, the following Diſcourſe ſhall give as many inſtances in their commendation, as his has in their diſpraiſe. Our Author is not unlike to a Man in the Yellow Jaundice, who thinks every one of the ſame Complection with himſelf; for how could he heap ſo many Vices upon ſo Virtuous a People, unleſs he had been a practitioner in thoſe very Vices he would faſten on his Neighbour? But leaſt the Gentleman ſhould be angry, for he's a little Taſty Fellow, I'll abſtain from railery, and be for once the* Reverſe *of* him, *as he ſaith the* Dutch *are of* Humanity. *All that I have to urge in the behalf of the following Paper, is that the decency of Expreſſion, the excellency of the People it Treats of, the truth of every particular, Inſtance, and the induſtry which is in practiſe among them, muſt needs take off from the prejudices which the* Reader *may have imbib'd from the Paper which this is deſigned as an Anſwer to. And I ſhall have ſaid enough to ingratiate my ſelf with the* Reader, *if to ſhake of Tyranny and Slavery, to be Lovers of their Country, and to be Aſſiſtants to thoſe that are in Diſtreſs, has ſo near a reſemblance of our* Engliſh *Conſtitution, that we ſhould give no manner of approbation to our Actions, ſhould we diſallow of the practiſe of them in theirs; then we have all the reaſon in the World to be on their ſide, unleſs we would be againſt our ſelves.*

AN ANSWER

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A TRIP to *HOLLAND, &c.*

AS the People we are now to treat of are grown to ſuch a prodigious Highth of Riches and Greatneſs as to be render'd equal to the moſt Sovereign Powers, ſo the Means by which they have acquir'd thoſe Honours which are paid only to them and Crown'd Heads, well deſerve to be taken notice of.

Solomon *tells us of* Four Things *that are ſmall, and full of* Wiſdom; *The* Piſmire, *the* Graſs-hopper, *the* Coney, *and the* Spider.

For *Providence*, they are the *Piſmires* of the World; and having nothing but what Graſs affords them, are yet for almoſt all Proviſions, the Store-houſe of *Chriſtendom*, What is it which there may not be found in plenty? They make by their Induſtry, all the Fruits of the vaſt Earth their own. What Land can boaſt a Privilege that they do not partake of? They have not of their own, enough Materials to compile one Ship; yet how many Nations do they furniſh? The Remoter Angles of the World do, by their Pains, deliver them their Sweets; and and being of themſelves in want, their Diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.

They are Frugal, to the ſaving of Egg-ſhells; and maintain it for a Maxim, *That a Thing laſts longer Mended, than New.*

Their *Cities* are their *Mole-Hills*; their *Schutes* and *Fly-Boats* creep and return with their Store for Winter: Every one is buſie, and carries his *Grain*; as if every *City* were a ſeveral *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a *Drone* to inhabit; for Idle Perſons muſt find ſome other Manſion. And leſt Neceſſity bereave Men of Means to ſet them on work, there are Publick Banks, that (without Uſe) lend upon Pawns to all the Poor that want.

There is a Seaſon when the *Piſmires* fly; and ſo each *Summer* they likewiſe *ſwarm* abroad with their Armies.

The Ant, ſays one, *is a wiſe Creature, but a ſhrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard.* And truly, ſo are they; for they look upon others too little, and themſelves too much: And whereſoever they light in a pleaſant or rich Soil, like Suckers and lower Plants, they rob from the Root of that Tree which gives them *Shade* and *Protection.* So their Wiſdom is not, indeed, Heroick, or Numnial, as courting an Univerſal Good; but rather Narrow and Reſtrictive, as being a Wiſdom but for themſelves; which, to ſpeak plainly, is deſcending into Craft, and is but the Siniſter Part of that which is really Noble and Celeſtial.

Nay, in all they hold ſo true a Proportion with the *Emmet*, as you ſhall not find they want ſo much as the Sting.

For dwelling in Rocks, they are *Coneys*; and while the *Spaniſh* Tumbler plays about them, they reſt ſecure in their own *Inacceſſible Burrows.* Where have you, under Heaven, ſuch Impregnable Fortifications, where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible? Herein, indeed, they differ; the Coneys find Rocks, and they make them: And, as if they would invert the Miracle of *Moſes*, they raiſe them in the Boſom of the Waves: Where, within theſe few Years, Ships furrow'd in the Pathleſs Ocean, the Peaceful Plough now unbowels the Fertile Earth, which at Night is carry'd home to the faireſt Manſions in *Holland.*

Every Town has its Garriſon; and the Keys of the Gates, in the Night-time, are not truſted but in the Stadt-houſe. From theſe Holds they bolt abroad for Proviſions, and then return to their Faſtneſſes, repleniſh'd.

For War, they are *Graſs-hoppers*; and, without a King, go forth in Bands, to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themſelves at their own Home, but have brav'd the *Spaniard* at his. In *Anno* 1599. under the Command of *Vander Does*, was the *Grand Canary* taken, the Chief City ſack'd, the King of *Spain*'s Enſigns taken down, and the Colours of his Excellency ſet up in their Room. In the Year 1600, the Battel of *Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the Loſs of a Thouſand Men, or little more, they ſlew Seven Thouſand of their Enemies, took above an hundred *Enſigns*, the Admiral of *Arragon* was made Priſoner:

ſoner; the very Furniture of the *Arch-Duke*'s own Chamber and Cabinet, yea, the Signet that belong'd to his Hand.

In 1607, they aſſail'd the *Armada* of *Spain*, in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under Covert of the Caſtle and Town-Ordnance; and with the Loſs only of an Hundred and Fifty Men, ſlew above two Thouſand, and ruin'd the whole *Fleet*. Certainly, a bolder Attempt has ſcarce ever been done. The *Indian Maſtiff* never was more fierce againſt the angry *Lion*: Nor can the *Cock*, in his Crowing Valour, become more prodigal of his Blood than they.

There hardly is upon Earth ſuch a School of Martial Diſcipline: 'Tis the *Chriſtian World's Academy* for Arms, whither all the Neighbour-Nations reſort to be inſtructed; where they may obſerve how unreſiſtable a Blow many ſmall Grains of Powder will make, being heap'd together; which yet if you ſeparate, can do nothing but ſparkle and die.

Their Recreation is the *Practice of Arms*, and they learn to be Soldiers ſooner than Men: Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-bands marching through their Cities.

For Induſtry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the Guard of the Perſon of the *Roman* Emperor; and by the *Romans* themſelves, declar'd to be their *Friends and Companions*. There are none have the like Intelligence. Their Merchants at this Day are the greateſt of the Univerſe. What Nation is it, where they have not inſinuated; nay, which they have not almoſt Anatomis'd, and even diſcover'd the intrinſick Veins on't.

Even among us, they ſhame us with their Induſtry, which makes them ſeem as if they had a faculty from the World's Creation, out of Water to make dry Land appear. They win our drowned Grounds, which we cannot recover, and chaſe back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do, is by ſuch Labour as it ſeems extracted out of their own Bowels; and in their wary Thrift, they hang by ſuch a ſlender Suſtentation of Life, that one would think their own weight ſhould be enought to crack it.

Want of Idleneſs keeps them from want; and 'tis their diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaſeth the Harveſt, a plentiful Sun augments the Store; and ſeaſonable ſhowers drop fatneſs on the Crop we reap. But no Rain fructifies more than the due of Sweat.

You would think, being with them, you were in old *Iſrael*; for you find not a Begger among them: Nor are they mindful of their own alone, but Strangers alſo partake of their Care and Bounty; if they will depart, they have *Money for their Convoy*; if they ſtay, *they have Work provided*; if unable, *they find an Hoſpital*. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of Flies. And leſt you loſe an Afternoon by fruitleſs

Mourn-

Mourning, by two of the Clock all Burials muſt end; wherein to prevent the waſte of Ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a *truth* and *conſtancy*, for they are as Fruits from Trees, the ſame every Year they are at firſt; not Apples one Year, and Crabs the next, and ſo for ever after. In the ſale of theſe they alſo are at a word, they will gain rather than exact; and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuſe the Wiſe, and cozen the Ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for Commodities, proclaim to the World, that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The depravation of Manners they puniſh with Contempt; but the Defects of Nature they favour with Charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a Place ſo curious, that a Lord might live in it: Their *Hoſpital* might lodge a Lady. So that ſafely you may conclude, amongſt them even *Poverty* and *Madneſs* do both inhabit handſomely. And tho' Vice makes every thing turn ſordid, yet the *State* will have the very Correction of it to be neat, as if they would ſhew, that though Obedience fail, yet Government muſt be ſtill it ſelf, and deſcent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewel*, will think it may receive a Gentleman tho' a Gallant: And ſo their Priſon, a wealthy Citizen; but for a poor Man, 'tis his beſt Policy to be laid there, *for he that caſts him in muſt maintain him.*

Their Language, tho' it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet has it the ſame Ground, and is as old as *Babel*; and albeit harſh, yet ſo lofty and full a Tongue, as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for the Speech of *Adam* in his *Paradice*. And ſurely if there were not other Reaſons againſt it, the ſignificancy of the Ancient *Teutonic* might carry it from the primeſt Dialect. *Steven* of *Bruges* reckons up Two thouſand one hundred ſeventy Monoſyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue, that for the general profeſſion, is extended further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sueden*, and ſometimes *France*, *England*, and *Spain*: And ſtill among us, all our Words are *Dutch*, with yet ſo little change, that certainly 'tis in a manner the ſame that it was two thouſand Years ago, without the too much mingled Borrowings of their Neighbour Nations.

The *Germans* are a People, that more than all the World, I think, may boaſt Sincerity, as being for ſome thouſand of Years a pure and unmixed People. And ſurely, I ſee not but their Conduction by *Tuiſco*, from the building of *Babel*, may paſs as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous People, having ever kept their own, and tranſported Colonies into other Nations; in *Italy* were the *Longobards*; in *Spain* the *Goths* and *Vandals*; in *France* the *Franks*,

Franks, or *Franconians*, in *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left Reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and Written above fifteen hundred Years ago; *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they cannot Dissemble, and resolve when they cannot err.

Two hundred and ten Years the *Romans* were in conquering them, in which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal; so as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthagenians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They slew and took Prisoners several Commanders of the highest Rank, as *Carbo*, *Cassius*, *S. Caurus*, *Aurelius*, *Cervillius*, *Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Consulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three *Legions*; yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati magis quam victi sunt.* They were rather triumph'd over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own Language is an Argument answerable; the change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, and *England*.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: Nor was the Opinion of the *Romans* less worthy in particular, concerning these Lower Provinces, which made them for their Valour and warlike Minds, stile them by the Name of *Gallia Belgica*, and especially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders*, and part of *Guelders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several People of *Germany*, he says, *Omnium harum Gentium virtute præcipui Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit: exemptioneribus & collationibus, & tantum in usum præliorum sepositi, velut tela atque arma bellis reservantur.* Of all these Nations, the Principal in valiant Vertue are the *Batavians*; for neither are they become despicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmer of publick Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions for Servility; they are specially set a-part for the Fight, as Armour and Weapons only reserved for War.

All this even at this Day, they seem to make good; for of all they World they are the People that Thrive and grow Rich by the War, like the *Porcipice*, that plays in the Storm, but at other times lies still and sober under the Water.

War, which is the World's Ruin, and ravins upon the Beauty of all, is to them Prosperity and Ditation. And surely the reason of this is, their strength in Shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns, and the Country, by reason of its lowness and plentiful irrigation, becoming impassable for an Army when the Winter but approaches: Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of Mankind should brave the most Potent Monarch of Christendom, who in his own Hands hold the Mines

of the Wars Sinews, *Money*; and has now got a Command ſo wide, that out of his Dominions the *Sun* can neither riſe nor ſet.

The whole *Seventeen Provinces* are not above a thouſand *Engliſh* Miles in Circuit, and in the *States* Hands there is not *ſeven* of thoſe; yet have they in the Field ſometimes ſixty thouſand Soldiers, beſides thoſe which they always keep in Garriſon, which cannot be but a conſiderable number, near thirty thouſand; there being in the whole Country above two hundred Wall'd Towns and Cities. So that if they have People for the War, one would wonder where they ſhould get Money to pay them, they being, when they have an Army in the Field, at a thouſnnd pound a Day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Exciſe is an unwaſted Mine, which with the infiniteneſs of their Traffick, and their untired induſtry, is by every part of the World in ſomething or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two ſorts of Fiſh only, *Herring*, and *Cod*, ſixty thouſand pound *per Annum*; for which they go out ſometimes ſeven or eight hundred Boats at once; and for greater Ships, they are able to ſet out double the number.

Their Merchandiſe amounted in *Guicciardine*'s time to Fourteen Millions *per Annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compaſs almoſt as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above ſix Millions yearly; ſo ſedulous are theſe *Bees* to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, ſo the Women are buſie on Land in weaving of Nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a Husband's long abſence might tempt them to lacivious ways, yet they hate Adultery, and are reſolute in Matrimonial Chaſtity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that Nation, that hath been tax'd with looſeneſs: And queſtionleſs, 'tis their ever being buſie, makes them have no leiſure for Luſt.

'Tis idleneſs that is *Cupid*'s Nurſe, but buſineſs breaks his Bow, and makes his Arrows uſeleſs.

They are both Merchants and Farmers; an their act parts, which Men can but diſcharge with us: As if they would ſhew, thrt the Souls in all are Maſculine, and not varied into weaker Sex, as are the Bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the Nature of their Country, in which, if they be not laborious, they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of People, by a ſuperiour Providence adapted to them of ſuch a Situation; from their own Inclinations, addicted to Paſimony; from Cuſtom in their Way of Breeding; from any Tranſcendency of Active Parts, more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like People in a City beſieg'd, whereby their own Vertues do more compact, and fortifie, I will not determine. But, certainly, in general, they are the moſt painful and diligent People on Earth; and, of all other, the moſt truly

of

of *Veſpacian*'s Opinion, to think that *Ex re qualibet bonus Odor lucri:* Be it rais'd from what it will, the Smell of Gain is pleaſant.

Yet they are, in ſome ſort, Gods; for they ſet Bounds to the Seas, and when they liſt let it paſs again. Even their Dwelling is a Miracle; they live lower than the Fiſhes, in the very Lap of the Floods, and incircl'd in their Watry Arms: They are the *Iſraelites*, paſſing through the *Red Sea*, the Waters wall them in; and if they ſet open their Sluces, ſhall drown their Enemies.

They have ſtruggl'd long with *Spain*'s *Pharaoh*, and they have at length enforc'd him to let them go. They are a *Gideon*'s Army upon the March again. They are the *Indian Rat*, gnawing the Bowels of the *Spaniſh Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to ſwallow them. They are a *Serpent*, wreath'd about the Legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little *Sword-fiſh*, pricking the Belly of the *Whale*. They are the *Wane of that Empire* which increas'd under *Iſabella*, and in *Charles* V's Time was at full.

They are a Glaſs, wherein Kings may ſee, *that though they be Sovereigns over Lives and Goods, yet when they uſurp upon God's Part, and will be Kings over Conſcience too, they are ſometimes puniſh'd with the Loſs of that which lawfully is their own:* That Religion too fiercely urg'd, is to ſtretch a String till it not only jars, but cracks; and in the breaking, whips (perhaps) the Streiner's Eye out.

That an Extream Taxation is, to take away the Honey while the Bees keep the Hive; whereas, he that would do that, ſhould firſt either burn them, or drive them out: That Tyrants in their Government, are the greateſt Traytors to their own States: That a Deſire of being too Abſolute, is to walk upon *Pinacles* and the Tops of *Piramids*, where not only the Footing is full of Hazard, but even the Sharpneſs of that they tread on may run into their Foot, and wound them: That too much to regrate on the Patience of but fickle Subjects, is to preſs a Thorn till it prick your Finger: That nothing makes a more deſperate Rebel, than a *Prerogative* inforc'd too far.

That Liberty in Man is as the Skin to the Body, not to be put off, but together with Life. That they which will command more than they ought, ſhall not at laſt command ſo much as is fit.

That Moderate Princes ſit faſter in their Regalities, than ſuch as being but Men, would yet have their Power over their Subjects, as the *Gods, Unlimited*. That *Oppreſſion* is an *Iron heated till it burns the Hand*. That to debar ſome *States* of *Ancient Privileges*, is, for a *Falcon* to undertake to beat a Flock of *Wild Geeſe* out of the *Fens*. That to go about to compel a ſullen Reaſon to ſubmit to a wilful Peremptorineſs, is ſo long *to beat a chain'd Maſtiff into his Kennel, till at laſt he turns, and flies at your Throat.*

Throat. That unjuſt Policy is to ſhoot as they did at *Oſtend*, into the Mouth of a charg'd Cannon, to have *two Bullets return'd for one*. That he doth but endanger himſelf, that riding with too weak a Bitt, provokes an Head-ſtrong Horſe with a Spur. That 'tis ſafer to meet a valiant Man *Weaponleſs*, than almoſt a Coward in *Armour*. That even a weak Cauſe, with a ſtrong Caſtle, will boil *Solt Blood to a Rebellious Itch*. That 'tis better keeping a Crazy Body in an equal Temper, than to anger Humours by too ſharp a Phyſick.

That Admonitions from a dying Man, are too ſerious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain, that is not impoſſible. That a Cobler of *Fluſhing* was one of the greateſt Enemies the greateſt Enemies the King of *Spain* ever had.

The People in it are *Jews* of the *New Teſtament*, that have exchang'd nothing but the *Law* for the *Goſpel*; and this they rather profeſs, than practiſe. Together, a *Man of War*, riding at *Anchor* in the *Downs* of *Germany*.

For Foreign Princes to help them, is wiſe Self-Policy: When they have made them able to defend themſelves againſt *Spain*, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For, queſtionleſs, were this Thorn out of the *Spaniard*'s Side, he might be fear'd too ſoon to graſp his Long-intended Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but poſſeſſed Lord of the *Low-Countries*, or had the *States* but the Wealth and Power of *Spain*, the reſt of *Europe* might be like People at Sea in a Ship on fire, that could only chuſe whether they would drown or burn. Now, their War is the Peace of their Neighbours. So *Rome*, when buſy'd in her Civil Broils, the *Parthians* liv'd at reſt; but thoſe concluded once, by *Cæſar*, next are they deſign'd for Conqueſt.

If any Man wonder at theſe Contraries, let him look in his own Body for as many ſeveral Humours, in his own Brain for as many different Fancies, in his own Heart for as various Paſſions; and from all theſe he may learn, *that there is not in all the World ſuch another Beaſt as Man.*

OF AMSTERDAM.

AS this famous City was one the first which shook off the *Spanish* Yoak, so the Courage it shew'd, at a Juncture when their Lives and Liberties were in the utmost Danger, has entitl'd it more to be the *Metropolis* of the *Seven Provinces*, than the Splendour of its Buildings, the Advantages of its Situation, and the Abundance of its Riches.

It is to be confess'd, (as our *Trip-Master* will have it,) several Vices are Inhabitants of this place; but here are Vertues which drown the Appearance of them: Here is Industry, without Necessity; Hospitality, without Design; Charity, without Boasting; Obedience, without Compulsion; Magistracy, without Knavery; Justice, without Bribery; and Frugality, without Covetousness.

The People are Lovers of *Freedom*, and fearless of Asserting it; wonderful Cautious, yet Daring to a Miracle; Inimitable in Times of *Peace*, and Unconquerable in *War*; have Immunities above their Neighbours, yet never make use of them to their Neighbours Disadvantage.

The Story of *Japan* was forg'd against them by *Stubbs*, in the late *Dutch* War, when to be Inveterate was to tell Truth, and to invent a plausible Lye was to be counted a good Patriot. There was something in it, 'tis true; but nothing but what savour'd more of Policy, than Dishonesty. For, how could it be Denying *CHRIST*, to write themselves *HOLLANDERS*? Or, by what Means can they be stil'd *Heathens*, who made such Evasions for the sake of Professing the Gospel without Disturbance.

If they were so Irreligious as our Author would have them, they would never have Revolted from the *Spaniard* on Account of their Religion: And if they were so easily to be persuaded to deny their *SAVIOUR*, certainly they would never have been so difficult in submitting to a Religion, which, though it differ'd from theirs in several Points, yet own'd the *REDEEMER*, who suffer'd for them.

As to their hatred to the *Spanish* King, it appears in nothing but their unwillingness to joyn in a Communion which was dis-

ſonant to their Principles, and impracticable by thoſe of another Profeſſion, and if to relieve him in the higheſt extremity, and ſupport him when his whole Kingdom was threatned with Fire and Sword, be *Hatred* truly, I ſhall be to ſeek for a definition of *Love*.

And his Catholick Majeſty would ſcarce have an Ambaſſador there, if they were not in his Intereſts.

Their Clergy, tho' *Calviniſts*, a Title which is their Glory, tho' our Author would *brand* them with it, are men in their *Diſpoſitions*, courteous in their Behaviour, without Affectation, without Pride, without Hypocriſie.

They rail at no Religion, tho' they have made choice of *One* which they think to be the *Beſt*, and diſputes about Religious matters are as rare here as they are common in *London*. Every one is ſuffer'd to go on in his own way, though if he be thought to be in the wrong, he has the Prayers of thoſe who think themſelves in the right to convert him.

Here are no Biſhops with coſtly Equipages, no Deans with fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*, no greaſie Prebendaries with their double Chins as big as their Paunches; but a competency is allowed from the State to each Miniſter, which makes them too low to think themſelves above their Fellow Creatures, and too high to be diſpis'd by them.

Two hundred Pounds a Year is their reſpective Salary, and by theſe means are kept in a dependence on the States, who has it in their power to diſcard them, if they, like the *Engliſh* Clergy, meddle with affairs which belong to the Supream Rulers.

Their Churches are large, their Principles not ſo ſtarch'd as thoſe of our *Engliſh* Presbyterians; their Preaching Doctrinal and Perſuaſive, their lives Pious and Inſtructive, and their whole conſtitution of ſo exemplary a frame, as it not only takes off from thoſe odious aſperſions which are laid upon them, but adds to the glory of an Eſtabliſhment which ſcarce can ſuffer any further increaſe.

Their Merchants are the greateſt in the World, their Magiſtrates the juſteſt, and their Laws ſo ſtrictly put in execution, that to hear of a robbery in *Amſterdam* is to be told a thing which increaſes your Wonder; and to detect People in diſhoneſt practices there, is leſs freqent than to ſee them executed for diſhoneſty here.

In ſhort, tho' all Religions are tolerated, there is none but what may think the *True* incouraged; and tho' Policy in this Place is in its higheſt perfection, yet *Probity* and *Equity* are not eclips'd by it; and it no more takes off from the Glory of the Renowned City of *Amſterdam*, than the *De Witts* who were Enemies to his preſent Majeſty of *Great Britain* were Born here, then that ſo many Monarchy-haters have their Reſidence and Nativity in *London*.

To

To conclude, if to be *Preſervers* of their own liberties, and *Defenders* of that of others; if to furniſh Examples for the ſecurity of this and ſucceeding Ages; if to have *Juſtice* and *Mercy* to kiſs each other, whilſt *Plenty* and *Peace* walk Hand in hand together, be Bleſſings, as inſtructive as they are valuable, then had our Author no reaſon to wiſh *Amſterdam to ſet Sail*, unleſs *Induſtry*, *Goodneſs*, and *Juſtice*, be ſo many Eye-ſores to him, and he would be as far from *receiving* good Inſtructions, as he is from *giving* them.

AND now, O Land! from whom at firſt I drew
My Breath; to whom, again, my Breath is due!
If any thing be written, or is done,
Unworthy of a Parent, or a Son:
If I've forgot the Duties of my Birth;
And Praiſing, have not prais'd Thee to thy Worth,
Grant me Thy Pardon, and forgive the Faults
Of unconſider'd Lines, and haſty Thoughts,
Till ſome bold Pen, to Fame and Merit known,
Shall juſtifie thy Cauſe, which is its own.
Tho' Deeds like Thine, and Vertues, are ſo bright,
They, of themſelves, can to themſelves do Right:
And tho' one Engliſh *Pen has vainly choſe*
To blame Thy People, and his own *expoſe:*
Yet ſtill Thy Arms with Engliſh *Forces join,*
And win their Hearts by Friendſhip to be Thine.
Then ſhall Britannia *midſt the Ocean Reign,*
And Neptune *yield the* Taxes *of the Main:*
Whilſt Belgia's *Fleets, with* Hers, *United Ride,*
And Heav'n, and Fame, and Conqueſt's on her Side,
No Harms ſhall hurt 'em, and no Ills moleſt,
Whilſt One *reclines Her Head on t'* Other's *Breaſt.*

So the Tall Oak, *the Pride of all the Grove,*
Whom Winds inſult, and Storms attempt to move,
If it's with the Supporting Ivy *Crown'd,*
Secure it ſtands, ſcarce nodding on the Ground:
In vain the Tempeſts on it blow,
Its Friend, *the Ivy, props it from its* Foe;
Which whiſtling through its kind Embraces, waſtes
Its Fruitleſs Strength in Unſucceſsful Blaſts.
When if on Ida's *Top it ſtands alone,*
Diveſted of all Coverts but its own,
Up from the Roots (it ſelf a Wood) 'tis torn,
And Ida's *Ecchoing Nymphs the ſpacious Ruin mourn.*

FINIS.